

You've Heard of the \$6-Million Man -- Now Meet

**The \$3-Million Man Left Unfinished
When Government Runs out of Money**
Disgusting Photo on Page 6

Giant Monsters Cause Panic in Western U.S.

Awful Photo on Back Page

'But It Was a Lotta Fun'

**Mope Blows \$1 Million
In Gyp Massage Parlor**

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He's Also the Worst

**Punk Kid, Age 11, Is
Youngest Truck Driver**

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Noted Scientist Claims:

**All Left-Handed People
Come From Outer Space!**

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But He Forgot Elevators

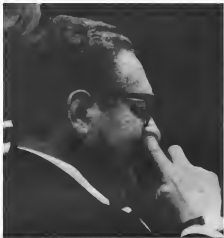
**Weekend Handyman Builds
A 110-Story Skyscraper**

Story on Page 9

Liz Taylor Laments:

*Richard Loves Vodka
More Than He Loves Me*





We don't like to be nit-picking on the subject, but everywhere we looked we found Henry picking his cotton, pickin' nose.

It's Really Disgusting, You Know

Henry!!! You've Got to Stop That Cotton, Pickin' Habit !

Despite heroic attempts at breaking the vile habit, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is once again picking his nose in public.

He tried faith healers, medical professionals and countless gimmick cures, rumor has it, but the nose-picking monkey remains firmly attached to his back.

"He acts just like someone dumped licking powder in his snuff box," one observer said in disgust. "He can't keep his fingers out of his nose. It's pathetic."

As NEWS EXTRA has previously reported, the secretary of state has scandalized barons in dozens of world capitals with his nose picking. Comments have ranged from "He's a slob" to "Aw hell, if it feels good, do it."

ACCORDING TO one bizarre report, Kissinger has sent the entire diplomatic corps of a tiny European nation scurrying away in the Alps to picking their noses to curry favor with the U.S. by spicing the disgusting habit.

Not since the shameful erotic nose-rubbing of the R-rated movie, "Nazook Gets It On," has one schlemiel caused so much controversy.

Kissinger, a Nobel Prize winner and said to be quite bright, was quick to notice the talk surrounding his habit.

"I've gotta quit picking my nose," Kissinger reportedly told his wife, Nancy. As a cigarette smoker, Mrs. Kissinger no doubt knows the efficacy of breaking a bad habit. She pledged her full support.

ACCORDING TO a sometimes reliable source, Kissinger first tried to quit cold turkey.

"Not so much as one last poke," the source said.

"He held up admirably for the first few days. He once caught himself in mid-pick and was very embarrassed. He turned beet red and sat on that hand for the rest of the time I observed."

"Then, slowly, the old urges swelled up inside of

him. One day he could be seen scratching his cheek, the next day he was cheating — scratching around his upper lip, almost daring his forehead to enter the forbidden nostril.

"The next time I saw him he had fallen completely off the wagon. He was, an nose-picking addict put it, 'bowed to the knuckle.'"

Over the next few months, Kissinger fought his affliction with all the weapons his formidable office could muster, some subtle, some sophisticated and some downright silly.

HE REPORTEDLY went to bed for several nights wearing thickly padded skiing mittens, the fingers of which would not fit in his nose. But they made his hands sweat.

Another observer reported that the secretary's hands often were stained with a dark substance that "smelled just awful," apparently he kept back his desire to let them stray toward his nose.

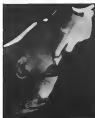
A former electronics expert for the CIA has hinted he was commissioned to design a tiny electric warning device that would fit inside a nostril and blast "buzz, buzz, buzz," when a finger approached. A prototype device, he said, was finished but proved to be an utter failure because it short-circuited in the presence of sweat and gave a nasty jolt to the wearer.

The attempt by a famed faith healer to cure the troubled statesman likewise ended in failure. "Kissinger couldn't stop laughing when the mystic went through his mambo-jambo, thus negating his psychic efforts," the source said.

OTHER PROPOSED solutions included hiring administrative aides to either take over the job of picking or provide an alternate nose. They were dismissed as "disgusting," the source added.

"It looks now as though he's surrendered to his habit," the source said.

"And it's a shame, really. He's such a smart man and a cultured fellow otherwise."



Left-Handed Dudes Came From

Sounds Like the Left Side of His Brain Stopped Working



The Women's Lib Movement has been blamed for a lot of things, including bed bugs and the rise in moshes, and you can bet your last dollar that a gal who drinks beer with her left hand had to come from a distant planet.

You can spot a creature from outer space by the way he signs his name and picks up his french fries, a prominent scientist claims. "They do it with their left hands," says Dr. Elyse Gnostski, professor of Unidentified Flying Objects Research and prominent science at Deep South University in Gator, Ga.

"There are millions, literally millions of space creatures wandering around earth right now. They look just like you and me except they are left-handed," he told NEWS EXTRA.

"These invaders have been coming here for centuries. Some of them have attained positions of high power on our planet.

"I have it on good authority that President Jerry Ford is left-handed."

According to the professor, UFOs swoop down on earth late at night with a load of space creatures disguised as infants. They all are naked except a few who are disguised as nuns.

"ONCE HERE, they



Beware of pretty girls who eat candy with left hands!

sneak into hospitals with their infant diagnoses and switch places with earth babies. What they do with the real earth babies I don't know — maybe they pay for them.

"At any rate, the outer space creatures grow larger, mingling with earthlings, in-

distinguishable except for their left-handedness. Over the years, they say.

"They send reports back to their home planets about earth schools, earth customs, earth sex habits and earth street gangs," Dr. Gnostski continued.

"When they know enough about us they might take over. Southpaw Ford could be the first wave of their coup de tat.

"Then again they might just pack up and leave. It depends on how bad things are on their home planet in comparison with earth."

GNOSTSKI is famous for his 1911 Noble Peace Prize-winning theory that mushrooms are not inhabited by creatures that think. The award is not to be confused with the more familiar Nobel Prizes given away yearly in Sweden. Only Deep South faculty members are eligible for Noble Prizes, and Gnostski was forced to relinquish his in 1973 to a fellow professor who offered proof that mushrooms are, in fact, inhabited by creatures that



You don't have to be Jewish to eat bagels, but if you munch on them with your left hand, chances are that you were deposited on our planet as an infant by a superior race in space.

Space, Noble Winning Freak Says

think.

"But that has nothing to do with the threat we face today," Grootski declared.

"I made my latest earth-shaking discovery regarding spacemen and left-handedness in March of this year when my colleague, Dr. Phonso Schwartz, picked up a french-fried potato with his left hand.

"He always was a weird one, so I asked, 'Do you always do that? Do you pick up everything with your left hand?'"

"He confessed that he did, Schwartz. I must explain, is very strange. He has green scales on his skin and three shiny antennae poking out of his skull.

"I KNOW now that he is a spaceman with a very poor diet.

"After I noticed Schwartz, I studied other peoples' hands and found that he is not alone in taking his left one. About one in 10 humans is left-handed.

"I then noticed the connection. The lefties all were strange, like Schwartz, although few of them shared his green

scales and shiny antennae.

"Then I studied the world and discovered it was designed for right-handed people. Everything from scissors and monkey wrenches to outboard motor controls and hunting rifles is set up for righties.

"It dawned on me: 'If God had meant us to write and eat and everything with our left hands, he would have built the whole world backwards.'"

According to Grootski, not all southpaws are aware that they are creatures from outer space ("They've been here as long they're brain-washed") and none will admit it.

"THEY MAY be harmless tourists and they could be dangerous killers bent on carving us up and cooking us for dinner. Pending more research, we still don't know.

"But I would advise all earth humans out in NEWS EXTRA-land to steer clear of left-handed people," he warned. "That is unless becoming part of a spaceman's lunch is your idea of a good time."



Even the military is infested with southpaws. And if Dr. Grootski is correct we are in for a whole peck of trouble when the word is given. All these lefties will have all the know-how of our military establishment and will be able to beat us to the punch. How awful!



If the conductor of your favorite symphony orchestra conducts with his left hand, there is something fishy going on. If a southpaw pooh is sitting on stage, run like hell!

Public Service Announcement



Bring someone home for Thanksgiving, even if he's an Indian or a Pilgrim.

Rhonda Reed's Celebrity Notebook



Popular Star Kicks Bucket At The Age of 3; How Sad!

It really grieves me to be the first one who has to announce it, but one of the most popular actors in Hollywood is dead at age 3. He was Sedrick, the playful coxroach, who starred in 43 *Foray* and photo movies in the past 17 months.

Sedrick's end came suddenly, when a Rinsé Studios' wardrobe lady mistakenly identified him as an insect pest and liberally applied a can of Raid.

The wardrobe lady subsequently lost her job, and Tinseltown lost one of its brightest new stars.

OSCAR WELLES, head of Oscar Welles Studios, flew into a fit the other day, when he learned that Andy Devine will NOT be starring in Welles' remake of "The Birth of the Nation." Devine balked at the idea of doing a nude love scene with Tette Fields, and who can blame him?

Groucho Marx phoned the other day to tell me that he is no relation to Karl Marx. But he did say that he has a cousin, Marx, who sells shoes off Broadway and Eighth Avenue in New York.

This reporter caught the early rushes of Booswick Redondo new flick, "I Don't Care What Your Name Is," subtitled "Take off Your Clothes and Shut Your Mouth." If the finished product is anything like what I viewed, it's bound to be the worst picture of the year. But the soundtrack won't be bad.

Loretta Swit ("Hilltop" on "M*A*S*H") is considering the title role in the new Epic Pta production of "Spilled Mead in the Morning." It's the touching tale of a family ruined by a case of plumsome. Already cast are Gregg Brookhewski, the fast-rising Polish star, and IT stills from the Los Angeles county marjoe.

Bambi, that innocent child-actor actress who starred in a picture of the same name in the 1930s, is about to make her comeback but in a role completely different than any she's undertaken before. The lovable wail will be appearing as the madam in Ramsey Beethoff's "See Comes to the Forest." Her long-time friend, Thumper, meanwhile, will appear in a cameo as a vice cop.

Glad to see that Liz and Dick are back together again. But it came as no surprise. I was present for their seventh, twelfth, fourteenth and twenty-third divorces and six of their 27 remarriages.

But that sure leaves Henry Wyszuberg out in the cold. My sources tell me he's considering a job as a grill man at a White Castle hamburger joint. But if you ask me, he's underqualified for the position.

Speaking of Henry, I got a hot scoop on Henry Kissinger the other day, but it proved out to be a false alarm. I am happy to report that there is no truth to news that our secretary of state is about to resign his post to become premier of a small, Middleastan republic.

Henry Schickelgrodner, ace of the Schickelgrodner quartet and uranium fortunes, is thinking about buying the bankrupt 20th Century-Falem Studios and starting production again. I've got some solid advice for him: He's better off investing in Polish sausage.

Despite what you've been reading in the New York Times about that Jewish pooch who starred in the movie, "Benji," and the "Petitfoul Junction" television show, my sources tell me that Benji is really midwest Area Garstin in disguise.

You fooled everyone else, Area. But you didn't fool me.

Polish Government Runs out of Parts, Builds Only Half Of \$6-Million Man

Astronaut Stosh Stevenaki is just like television's \$6-million man, Steve Austin, except for one thing: The Polish government ran out of basic parts half way through his surgery and he is only a \$3-million man.

Stevenaki, 41, now serves as adviser to his country's space program, CRASH, which is the equivalent of NASA.

The Communists have tried to keep the story of their bionic man a secret. But NEWS EXTRA's foreign correspondents learned the details at a diplomatic cocktail party held recently on the Rue de Vae in Paris.

Stevenaki was injured during a fiery crash of his space capsule two years ago. It was the government's first manned space flight from Warsaw to Krakow, Poland.

A MALFUNCTION occurred and the parachute opened early, dragging the large hair-air balloon into the Krapka Forest. Friction ignited the balloon and it went up in flames like a dried-out Christmas tree.

Fortunately for Stevenaki, two children were picking mushrooms and they ran to their farm home and got their parents.

Edwin and Louise Malecny dragged the astronaut from the blazing balloon and saved his life.

Top surgeons from CRASH immediately traveled to the small farm on the outskirts of the forest. For two weeks, they feverishly worked to save Stevenaki's life.

When he was no longer considered critical, they moved him to headquarters in Warsaw where the bionic surgery was begun.

A G-man team of the nation's top surgeons, scientists and researchers removed his mangled limbs and began to replace them with bionic parts.

THEN THEY discovered they had run out of parts.

The astronaut was in surgery for four days while the medical experts tried to come up with suitable substitutes. It never occurred to them to call the Kremlin, where there are enough boom parts to rebuild the entire Soviet Army.

According to a top Soviet



Stosh was in surgery for four days when the doctors ran out of parts, in this case. The dumb supply officer had restocked the bionic lab with 400 legs of lamb. Never trust a supply officer who was a butcher in civilian life.

government official, who blabbed the whole story after drinking too much vodka, the responsibility for having only a \$3-million man rests with a dumb supply officer at CRASH.

"He was told to restock the bionic lab," the official told NEWS EXTRA's Correspondent, who was posing as a waitress. "But the dummy picked up the wrong order form and ended up ordering 400 legs of lamb!"

"It is thanks to him that Stevenaki is now in this fix."

But the rest of the surgery was highly successful. The retired astronaut is so strong and has such incredible coordination, he can dance the polka on his bionic hands.

IN ADDITION to having super-powerful vision, Stevenaki also benefited mentally from the new surgery. In his new duties at CRASH, he serves as translator of 12 languages although he never studied languages and at one time, had trouble speaking, reading and understanding only one.

His extraordinary vision also enables him to follow one space flight without the aid of electronic equipment.

His wife, Elsie, is happy that he

is alive. And she says his bionic arms are magnificent.

"He can do all sorts of household chores that he never could do before," she reportedly told a CRASH official. "He now can pry the lids off jars, he can even change a tire on the car. "But he must be careful when he loves me up not to get carried away and break me up."

STEVENAKI HAS been highly decorated by his government. He is the second man in the history of Poland to be decorated with the coveted sash de hater and he wears it with great pride.

According to NEWS EXTRA sources, he will also receive a high pension and is assured of unemployment compensation, should he lose his job with CRASH. Out-of-work benefits are practically unheard of in Poland.

Russian space agency officials are considering doing more bionic surgery on the former astronaut.

"Merely the Stosh are hard to come by," the Soviet official told the phony waitress. "We cannot find another man in the country to risk his life on the Warsaw to Krakow flight. So if the space program is to continue, Stosh must be made a \$6-million man."

What You Never Knew About Remarriage of Liz and Dick

For All We Know, You May Not Want to Know!

By RHONDA REED
NEWS EXTRA
Hollywood Correspondent

When Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton married again in the African republic of Botswana recently, people around the globe celebrated the union.

But what they didn't realize is that the Burtons had been through marriage to each other 26 times before, one of the most closely guarded secrets in the world today.

Other than the divorce they received last year in Switzerland, Liz and Dick have made a habit of legally separating in most of the countries in the Free World, only in rarest hours or even minutes later.

In fact, the 15 months that they spent apart in 1974 and 1975 were the longest they've ever been separated since meeting on

the set of "Cleopatra" 18 years ago.

"LIZ AND Dick always have been known to fight constantly, often in public," a source told NEWS EXTRA.

"It's a well-known fact that when they do fight, they fight like cats and dogs.

"Many times in the past, one or the other would come to the conclusion that he or she had taken enough abuse.

"Immediately thereafter, he or she secured an attorney and began divorce proceedings."

At last count the couple has been divorced four times in the U.S., three times in Britain, twice each in France and Switzerland and once each in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Luxembourg, Finland, Sweden, Austria, Australia, Mexico, Costa Rica, Venezuela,

Argentina, Peru, Greece and West Germany.

"It's an obsession between them," the source said. "Most of the time, they just couldn't wait to get divorced so they could remarry."

"IN FACT, they were remarried by the same judge that divorced them on the same day their divorce went through 12 times.

"If you ask me, they're sick."

At each wedding, Liz has worn a different dress, but the same shoes.

"She keeps them in a special carrying case wherever she goes," the source said. "She borrowed a purse from Jackie Kennedy many years ago. She's used that to get married, too."

When it comes to carrying something blue for the ceremony, Liz usually prefers a pair of

turquoise panties, the friend added. "That way, she never forgets."

And when it comes to exchanging rings, the couple use the same ones they were married with originally.

"They did that except for one occasion," the source said. "Richard's fingers were swollen at the time, and he couldn't get his off."

"SO LIZ used a cigar band instead. She thought it was such a clever touch."

Although the press of the world treated the couple's most recent marriage as the gala event of the year, it really was old hat for the bride and groom.

In fact, on the night of the wedding, the newlyweds went to bed early — and slept, one source said.

"By the time you read this article, though, they might go through all the rigmarole again."

"It's an obsession between them," NEWS EXTRA's source said. "Most of the time, they just couldn't wait to get divorced so they could remarry. If you ask me, they're sick," the sometimes unreliable source said. If you ask us, our source may be sick.



Fruit Peddler Blows Million \$ Lottery Winnings in One Day at Massage Joint!

By STEVE BENSON
NEWS EXTRA
Crime Editor

and
ROXANA ROUNDTREE
NEWS EXTRA
Amusement Editor

Vagabond fruit peddler Stavros Pappas was the happiest man in the world when he won the \$1-million top prize in the Illinois state lottery.

But he blew it all during one night at a Chicago massage parlor.

"Even so, I have no regrets," Pappas, 42, told NEWS EXTRA in an exclusive interview. "It was worth every minute of it."

"That masseuse rubbed me the right way."

Most people in Chicago's Greek community are calling Pappas "crazy" for what he has done. But he shrugs off their insults effortlessly.

Even so, they have every right to use the term with regard to him.

A FORMER patient at Mendota State Hospital, a mental institution, Pappas has been back out on the streets for only six months.

Each week, he has purchased two lottery tickets at

Berkowski's Drugs.

"I never won anything before this, though," he said. "I'll just have to try my luck again next week."

Illinois Gov. Dan Walker was on hand to present Pappas with his prize. But the governor refused to shake the winner's hand, which was coated with approximately three weeks' worth of fruit and vegetable juices.

Right after the awards presentation drawing in Springfield, the state capital, Pappas returned to his North Side Chicago home for a good night's rest.

He decided to take a few days off from his peddler's job to relax and spend his new-found wealth.

AFTER SHAVING and showering for the first time in more than a month the next morning, Pappas put on his best set of faded and worn Salvation Army clothes, put his check in his pocket and left the house "to have a good time."

He had only gone a few blocks when he came upon Aunt Mabel's Family Massage Parlor, which advertised "the best rub in town."

"I decided: 'What the hell?' " Pappas said.

"I pushed open Aunt Mabel's door and entered paradise."

Inside, 17 of Aunt Mabel's "nieces" lounged on soft cushions, amid soft lights and aromatic music.

Aunt Mabel herself sat behind a small desk.

A plump woman with apple cheeks and sparkling eyes, she said: "Can we help you, Sonny?"

"I told her that I just won \$1 million in the lottery and wanted to have a good time," Pappas told NEWS EXTRA. "She said: 'Sonny, you've come to the right place.'"

"SHE ASKED me to pick out the niece I wanted to give me a massage."

"I pointed to a brunette sitting over in the corner beneath a black light. Her name was Beth; I'll never forget her as long as I live."

A few seconds later, Beth was escorting Pappas back into her working quarters, a large room even more sensuous than the waiting area.

Fitted with a waterbed, rose-colored lights, with incense wafting on the air, it was a palace fit for a king, not a lowly fruit peddler, he recalls.

"It was then that she asked me how much I had to spend," I said:



Stavros looks like he'd blow anything in one night.

"I damn. All of it, I guess."

"All of it?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"You asked for it," she said and started to take off her

clothes.

"I'LL NEVER forget that night. It was the first time I ever saw a woman completely nude. Once before, I tried to strip an old, drunk broad I found in the gutter. But the police came before I could finish the job."

Beth then began peeling off Pappas' clothes.

"I remember that she gazed at the sight of my body," he said. "But then she said: 'Oh, what the hell ...' and started working faster."

Because NEWS EXTRA is a family-oriented publication, it is impossible to describe what happened to the drunk peddler next.

Suffice it to say that he got more than the thrill of his delectable life.

Twenty-four hours later, he and the girl named Beth still were locked in embrace in the rose-colored room.

"Then she turned to me and said: 'You time's up, Charley. Best it.' " Pappas recalled. "She had me endorse my lottery check and told me to leave."

"BY THAT time, I was madly in love with her. I asked her to marry me. But she said she didn't have the time, that other customers were waiting."

"I left sad but happy in the knowledge that I finally had found the girl of my dreams."

"But I'm going to have to fight to win her back."

"And I'm going to have to win the lottery again," he said. "She told me: 'Don't come back unless you've got another million bucks.'"



Beth's sensuous hands turned Stavros on. Stavros' old, hairy body turned Beth off. Can you blame her? How would you like to run your hands over the hairy, wrinkled body of an old man?

We Have Enough Rats in Washington!

Wretched Pet Mouse Will Cost Reagan Chance at White House

By STURGIS K. FORNEY
Washington Correspondent

A mouse named Squeaky is going to cost Ronald Reagan his big chance to be President. The former California governor is turning off voters by the millions because he pulls the smelly little creature out of his pocket at political rallies and introduces it to the crowds.

Little old ladies and young women run screaming at political coffees when Reagan fishes the creature out of his pocket and says: "Ladies, I'd like you to meet my pet mouse."

Kids are delighted with Squeaky, but kids don't vote.

One disgusted former Reagan supporter told NEWS EXTRA: "He's pretentious to clean up the mess in Washington but how can anyone believe him now. I can imagine the mess he's carrying around in his pockets."

REAGAN'S POPULARITY has plummeted 33 per cent since he started introducing Squeaky at rallies as "my right vice-pocket helper, the being who has been a constant source of inspiration and enjoyment to me."

A source close to Reagan told NEWS EXTRA that he found the mouse under his sink, caught by its tail in a trap, about eight months ago.

Although he had set the trap himself in order to rid the home of scurrying rodents, the politician suddenly found himself filled with compassion for the hapless creature.

He freed the mouse, named it Squeaky, took it to a veterinarian to have its tail set in a splint, then took it back home and named it in health.

"He purrered that odious critter like it was his own kid," NEWS EXTRA's source said.

"He even fed it with an eyedropper, mixing mouse food with purrering vitamins to insure that it would recover and grow up strong and straight."

"IT WAS all right as long as Squeaky was just a pet that had the run of the house. I should have known that trouble was developing when Nancy began taking the mouse to bed with him at night."

"His droops on his back, and the mouse rogers in the shirt pocket of his pajamas. Sometimes it crawls inside the pillow case."

The politician's wife, Nancy, reportedly is quite upset at her husband's obsession with Squeaky. Friends quote her as



Everywhere that Ronnie goes, Squeaky is sure to follow. Squeaky should, the disgusting creature rides around in Reagan's pocket and scurries the hell out of little old broods.

saying that Ronnie never pays attention to her anymore because he spends all his time in a futile effort to teach Squeaky to talk.

Visible signs of growing political disaffection with Reagan are beginning to surface on his campaign trail.

DISSENTING HOSTB placards reading: "No Mouse in the White House," "We Have Enough Rats in Washington Already," and "Has Ronnie's Head Turned to Cheese?"

Even Reagan's staunchest supporters have turned defen-

sive, and are forced to counter with signs such as "Reagan SL Squeaky No."

Yet in the face of best advice from his frantic managers Reagan stubbornly refuses to put the rodent in a cage for the campaign.

"Franklin D. Roosevelt had his dog, Fala, and made political hay with the mutt," Reagan is quoted. "Lyndon Johnson had his hounds, Him and Her. And even next to the oval office, named Baldern and Ehrlichman."

"SO WHY should it be a political liability for me to have a mouse. They don't eat as much as dogs, as the taxpayers will save money. They don't give political opinions, as jackasses do, so the taxpayers are spared such things as Watergate."

But Reagan's stubborn defense of his campaign mascot stands, and his advisers tear their hair as they see one bloc of voters and financial supporters after another go down the tube.

"Looks like it's all over," one of Reagan's campaign workers said glumly. "At our last rally, held in a hall seating 4,200 people, only 125 showed up. And half of them were hecklers."

Daring Bimbo Forgot Elevators

Working Weekends With Stolen Material, Handyman Constructs 110-Story Building

Rudy Narow had always wanted a little place of his own. So he stole building supplies from his boss, and working weekends, built a 110-story building.

But Rudy forgot to put in elevators and his dream estate is now a white elephant on the housing market.

The 25-year-old handyman told NEWS EXTRA it all began when he spotted a small plot of land for sale cheap.

"I knew my life savings on that land," he explained. "When I bought it, I had no money left to build a little place I could call my own."

He was working as an apprentice carpenter for Shaley's Siding Company at the time. His boss, Terry Tockan, was an easy-going Irishman who got loaded every noon and had no idea what went on the rest of the day.

"RIPPING him off was the easiest thing in the world," Narow told NEWS EXTRA. "At first, I would overload the truck when I went on a job and drop the surplus off at my land."

"When I got away with that, I became more bold. I started to haul out wheelbarrows full of supplies and load them into the trunk of my car."

"Tockan would be sitting there with his feet on the desk, drinking his name is MacKamara, I'm the leader of the band..." and slinking his Irish whiskey. He was oblivious to everything around him."

The next step was to haul out supplies by the truckload.

"I called a body of mine who drove a semi-trailer truck," Narow confessed. "He'd pull in about four o'clock and we'd load her up. Tockan would still be leading his hand and never noticed a thing."

On weekends, Rudy worked from sunrise to sunset on his construction project.

"YEEH," he said with pride. "I did the whole thing myself. Didn't use no architect or nothing. Didn't even draw up plans. I just relied on my sleeves and went to work."

"I originally planned to build a little two-story cottage. But when I got started and found out how easy it was, I figured maybe I'd build a little larger and make myself some flats to rent out."

"I guess I got carried away."

He continued to rip off Shaley's for supplies for about a year and half. One day Tockan called him into his office and tearfully offered him a drink of whiskey.

"Poor old Terry was real upset," he told NEWS EXTRA. "Said that he was going to have declare bankruptcy and was filing a Chapter 13 so he'd have to let me go."

"HE TOLD me he was firing me early so he could give me a month's severance pay. Terry told me that if he kept me all the way to the end, I wouldn't get no extra pay."

"But the hardest thing for me to accept was that Tockan blamed himself for going bankrupt. He told me that he figured all the time he was hanging over me must have estimated jobs wrong and that's how he lost so much money."

"I was tempted to confess everything and give him my little place I had built. But I figured it wouldn't do him no good so I kept my mouth shut."

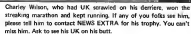
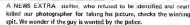
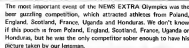
Narow knew that with his material supply cut off, he would just enough on hand to put on a roof. That's when he noticed how high his dream cottage had become.

"You gotta realize that I'm afraid of height," said Rudy. "I can't look down from more than the first floor or I get dizzy and sick. So after I got the ground level done, I never looked down. I just looked up or straight ahead at my work. It sorta got away from me. I sure had no idea I had gone 110 stories high."

NAROW HAD included electrical and plumbing facilities in his construction plans. But he sure never thought he'd need an elevator.

But there are two alternatives he is considering. "I figure I can try to get a job as an elevator repairman and finish up the building myself. And if that don't work, I can always sell it to the government."

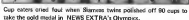
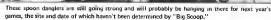
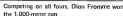
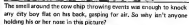
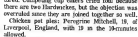
Hop Aboard for News Extra's First Annual Olympics!



THE WINNER: Willy Grootdane, a dark, hairy, homely Canadian. He spoke not a word but managed to humiliate the rest of the field by polishing off 32 gallons of beer in an hour without once lifting his nose.



The streaking marathon also differed from similar races because of the addition of women.



Slipper of 11 Is Youngest Truck Driver in World and the Worst!

Steve Smeigma is the youngest truck driver in the world and also the worst.

Eleven-year-old Steve, who admits he lied about his age to get a driving license, tailgates passenger cars on the interstates, plays chicken with other truckers, uses foul language over the two-way radio and plays with his food at truck stops.

"That kid is a menace to society," says John H. Kenworth, truck driver. "He's forever running over cars, pedestrians, road signs and things like that. He's giving us a bad name."

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Smeigma, Steve's parents, told NEWS EXTRA their little boy has been obsessed with trucks since he got his first toy van one Christmas. He stole his first real truck a few months later.

"We can't do a thing with him," Mrs. Smeigma admitted. "When he was kinder, we told him he'd have to have a driver's license before he could go out and drive a truck."

"HOW WERE we to know he'd lie about his age and get one? He kept on stealing trucks."

"Then we threatened to sell him to the gypsies if he didn't stop. He didn't stop."

"How were we to know the gypsies—who paid us only \$50 for Steve—would put the kid to work?"

The Davenport, Iowa, couple said the gypsies first employed Steve as a truck thief and then, when they'd amassed a sizable fleet, as a driver.

As a driver for the famed Gypsy Truckers Corp., it didn't take Steve long to build up a reputation as a trucker to be avoided at all costs.

"I recollect the first time I seen the Smeigma kid face to face," Kenworth said. "We was both going about 85 miles a hour on Interstate 41 in Minnesota in the westernmost lane. Somebody but Steve was driving west; the kid was going east."

"I'M CRUISING along, see, and I sees his rig right there in front of me, gettin' bigger and bigger all the time. That meant he was headed right toward me!"

"I thought maybe the driver had died at the wheel, 'cause I ain't seen nobody in the cab. I didn't see the kid till I swerved outta the way and he roared past."

"I ain't seen him, barely tall enough to look over the dash. He was a stickler out his tongue at me and givin' me the finger."

Enraged, Kenworth turned his truck around and chased the speeding pre-teen to the next exit. He said he caught up to him at a truck stop, which is truckers' slang for a roadside diner at which trucks and their occupants often stop.

"I found the kid with a plate of fried chicken sitting in front of him. He had missed a little volcano out of mashed potatoes on the counter and was flinging boiled peas at the waitress with his knife, he recalled."

"I SAT down on the next stool, intendin' to give him a good talking to. As soon as he recognized me he stuck out his tongue again."

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"Nyah, nyah. You swerved first. You're the chicken! You're the chicken! Nyah, nyah," he said. You know how kids are."

"I tell you, I put that kid over my knee, pulled off his pants and gave him a spanking he'll never forget," Kenworth added.

Kenworth, who is free on bail pending his appeal of a conviction for child molesting and public indecency, said he has had no trouble since then with the Smeigma kid. "Space the rod, spoil the kid is my motto," he said.

But other truckers warn that the interstate highways are still unsafe places to be. Since we wanted to see for ourselves, an ace NEWS EXTRA investigative reporting team paid into one of the state's fleet of cars, a 1969 Rambler sedan with the doors ripped shut (chosen for its speed and inconspicuous appearance), to pursue Steve Smeigma.

JUST WEST of Sioux Falls, S.D., we heard Steve's unmistakable voice on our citizens' band radio. While most truckers talk about road conditions and the locations of speed traps, Steve is given to blabbering childish nonsense.

"Whee! I'm faster than a speeding bullet," he chortled into his microphone. "Spit! That's teach ya to get in my way, you stupid pigon. Yick, what a mess he made on my hood."

"Hey you! You in the Pinto—get outta my way or I'll squish you flatter than that pigon." His voice was drowned out briefly by the sounds of screeching tires, stat-

tering glass, crunching metal and a high-pitched horn stuck in the "on" position.

"Dumb car driver. He shoulda got outta my way," Steve said after a short silence. "B—like him make it hard for us truckers to make a living. What a k—!"

WE KNEW we had to get an exclusive interview with the remarkable young Smeigma and ordered NEWS EXTRA's expert driver to go faster. Giving the request a few minutes' thought, he knew just what to do. He pushed the gas pedal to the floor and we were off in hot pursuit.

Within a few minutes we spotted the first sign of Steve's passing, a Ford Pinto rear bumper. Pushing west and dodging his and pieces of Pinto for a number of miles, we caught up with the youthful driver at Big Momma's Hot Dog Stand in Rapid City.

We recognized Steve's rig by the mangled Ford Pinto's left door hanging from its right rear-view mirror. A green tailgate, obviously from another Pinto, that one a station wagon, was stuck to the truck's front bumper.

"Sawezin'," Steve explained over one of Big Momma's famed root beer floats. "I hate Ford's. I kill them whenever I can."

STEVE TOLD us he has driven three years, covering 15 million miles, without once getting a ticket. We found that statement hard to believe and told him so. "Well, maybe I exaggerate, but I never fib," he said NEWS EXTRA. "I never have got a ticket."

He explained that since he is very short

"The kid is a menace to society," a trucker warns. "He's giving us a bad name." And indeed he is.

Steve lied about his age to get a driver's license, tailgates on busy interstates, uses nasty language and plays with his food at truck stops. With the price of food today, the bait should be short!

most police are unable to spot him behind the wheel of his huge semi-tractor. They usually assume they are seeing things and let him pass without giving chase.

"They think they're nuts 'cause the rig's got no driver," he giggled.

He admits he is responsible for 438 head-on accidents so far and the cold-blooded murder of tens of thousands of small animals crossing the road.

"BUT I always give them fair warning," Steve added. "Let that guy in the Pinto back there, you heard me. If he can't hear me because he got no citizens' band radio that's his tough luck."

"Now get out of my sight or I'll throw this root beer in your lap, you stupid d—!"

We departed, hastily, and returned to NEWS EXTRA Towers in Chicago by back roads rarely used by trucks.

As this tissue goes to press, however, we have learned that Steve Smeigma still terrorizes the highways of the Midwest. We have also learned that he has developed a hatred for Chevies, foreign cars and all motorcyclists.

Fortunately, though, several legal agencies—including the state police of seven states and the Davenport, Iowa, transit officer—have intensified their search for the lad.

"We intend to revoke his license as soon as we corner him in a safe place," a Minnesota state trooper said. "The highways will be safe again—at least until 1980, when he can legally get a license."

Who Can Save Us Now?

Uncle Sam Flees U.S.!

By BARNEY FILPOT
NEWS EXTRA

Foreign Correspondent
and

STURGIS K. FORNEY
NEWS EXTRA

Washington Correspondent

A group of Communist sympathizers have ganged together and forced Uncle Sam, the symbol of American patriotism, to flee the country for the sake of his life.

The man whose visage has graced recruitment posters since World War I is living in terror in Alberta, Canada, along with his 15-year-old wife.

"I love my country, but there is nothing I can do," said Uncle Sam, whose real name is Samuel Abraham Greenstein, the son of a pawnbroker and short-order cook.

"It grieves me to be in hiding, but I have no other choice. These men swore they'd kill me if I ever returned to the good, old U.S.A."

UNCLE SAM'S problems began in the 1940s, when Sen. Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin launched his witch-hunt against all persons suspected of having allegiances with the Red cause.

"Being a red-blooded American, I naturally went along with what Joe was trying to prove," he said. "Of course, it was a mistake. Everyone knows that now. It's one I'll always feel deeply sorry for making."

"But I wanted to see that our beloved nation always would be free from tyranny and would be the land of the free and home of the brave."

"Like many other citizens at that time, though, I felt slight of these ideals. Even I, the true defender of the Constitution, made the mistake of branding some people Communists when they weren't."

"It's funny, but the people who really took offense weren't the socialists we were citing," Uncle Sam said. "They were the people who really were members of the Communist party."

"THEY BEGAN for-



Uncle Sam, please come back! We want you! We need you to save us and our great country from the evils of crime, drugs, sex and Communism threatening to destroy our great nation.

mulating a grudge against us for naming people they felt unworthy as members of their group.

"I thought they'd forget when they went underground in the early 1960s, but apparently they didn't. Things didn't do down for a while, but then the harassment began."

It started innocently enough.

Uncle Sam's first wife, Hermine, who died in 1913, started receiving obscene

telephone calls in the early hours of the morning.

A sound sleeper, her husband of 46 years awoke through the first few.

"But then they started coming six and seven at a time," he said. "Hermine and I couldn't get any sleep."

"We had our number changed, but it did no good. The Communists apparently had infiltrated the phone company."

"I THINK those calls contributed greatly to my first wife's early death."

Not long after Mrs. Greenstein died, Uncle Sam began receiving scandalous mail at his suburban Virginia home.

"The letters were supposed to be from would-be lovers that Hermine had while married to me," he said.

"They were extremely graphic and lengthy. The

man who wrote them must have worked for one of those sleazy pornography houses in New York and had nothing better to do with his spare time."

With each letter, Uncle Sam was becoming more and more distraught. Finally, they ended.

But his troubles continued.

Two weeks later, the Communists searched his home while he was shopping for groceries.

"If THE high price of food wasn't enough, that had to happen," he said. "I spent the next six weeks sleeping on an Army cot in an armory in Arlington, Va."

Conferring with government officials, Uncle Sam then decided to go into hiding, where the Communists wouldn't find him. He chose a small, one-bedroom home on the outskirts of Billings, Mont.

It was there that he met young Martha Washington, the woman who was to become his second wife.

"I knew right away that she was meant for me," he said. "The name told me everything I had to know."

"We courted quietly and married soon after she turned 14. Her parents gave us their blessings. They're proud to call me 'son,' even though I'm older than both of them."

The happy couple settled down in the one-bedroom bungalow and remained there for five more months. But the Communists caught up with him again.

AGAIN, THE telephone started ringing at all hours of the night. Again, letters started arriving in the mail.

"Finally, they threatened to kidnap my Martha unless I left the country," he said. "That was the last straw. I had to protect her. That's why we moved up here. It's not America, but at least we're still together and in love."

"My only hope now is that the U.S. government will catch up with those hoodlums and give us the opportunity to return."

"I miss my home."



The nation's first bicycle tollway was choked with traffic (as you can see in this exclusive photograph) in its first week of operation. Encouraged by the success, government big shots are planning to ban all motor vehicles from all our interstate highways. Sounds like someone in Washington has a few loose screws.

They Want Us to Switch to Cheap Bicycles At Inflated Prices; Don't Let It Happen!

Brainless Government-Detroit Plot to Take Away Our Autos!

By M.K. BURSTON
Business Editor

The widely rumored government plan to take away our cars is really part of a conspiracy with Detroit automakers to sell us cheap bicycles at inflated prices, NEWS EXTRA has learned.

Once cars are banned, Ford, General Motors, Chrysler Corp. and American Motors Corp. will manufacture and market bikes for \$4,000 apiece and up.

"Four grand will buy you a stripped-down model with no fenders and an unquipped seat. A 30-speed racer with the usual air-conditioning, AM-FM radio and disappearing headlights will cost \$15,000," a GM official said.

"We'll make piles of loot; the profit potential of bicycles is tremendous. Whereas a typical car costs about \$150 to build, and gives us a profit of only \$2,000 or so, we can whip a bike together for about 30 cents. The rest is gravy."

Suddenly a lot of seemingly unrelated events make sense.

FIRST THERE was the energy crisis, which everyone thought was a plot by J. Paul Getty and Standard Oil to charge more for their gasoline. Actually, it was the first step in a plan to force Americans to give up their cars.

Then came the federal government's 55 mile-per-hour speed limit. First explained as a method to save fuel and later as a way to cut traffic deaths, it was really intended to get American drivers used to going slow for a change.

And now some recent developments.

In August, a secret NHTSA (National Highway Traffic Safety Administration) document leaked out, revealing plans to reduce the federal speed limit in 5 mph steps to 30 mph over the next 48 months. The plan would be explained as "the only way to reduce the annual carnage on U.S. highways," according to the document. Statistics indicated estimates that "each 5 mph reduction will save 1,194.9 lives."

IN SEPTEMBER, General Motors introduced its tiny Chevy Chevette and promoted the little pip-squeak as the "car of the future." It is much smaller than the cars GM usually produces and is supposed to go 40 miles on a gallon of gas.

"This car is not the car of the future," the GM official said. "Actually, it is only a stepping stone to our ultimate product, the bicycle."

"As you know, the cheapest Chevette, the 'Scooter,' carries only two passengers yet costs almost \$3,000.

"This lumpy-car paves the way for future autos that carry only one passenger and cost \$6,000. Finally, consumers will be able to buy only \$12,000 cars that carry no passengers."

"By that time, the 30 mph speed limit will be the law of the land, and people won't bother buying cars at all. They'll get bicycles instead, which we, of course, will sell them," be added with a giggle.

"NATURALLY WE'LL continue producing Cadillac limousines for government big shots and patrol Chevrolet for police departments."

But all of this, NEWS EXTRA must admit, sounded like businessmen's pipe dreaming until just the other day. Then everything fit together like a jigsaw puzzle.

In mid-October, the federal government quietly opened its first bicycle-only tollway. It runs from Fargo, N.D., to Ely, Minn., and costs five cents a mile to ride.

To encourage use of the bike road, the government's railroad division, Amtrak, raised its prices 25 per cent, and its ally in motor fuel manufacturing, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) raised oil prices 10 per cent.

Like any other major new highway, the bicycle tollway was choked with traffic its first week in operation. En-

couraged by the success, the government reportedly has made plans to ban motor vehicles from other interstate highways.

"NOTHING COULD be better," the GM official smiled. "The people on the bike road actually like it. They all talked about how they were getting fresh air and exercise and all that other stuff that's supposed to be good for you."

A few, however, grumbled about the primitive conditions of today's bicycles. They are uncomfortable, windy, heavily and boringly quiet.

"We'll fix all that," the Detroit man said. "If they want bucket seats, we'll make them. If they want air-conditioning, stereo radios, taillights, disappearing headlights, racing stripes, vinyl tops, opera windows and Guard-designed upholstery, we've got it ready on the drawing boards."

The improvements will cost money of course, and the price of a luxury bike is projected to be in the neighborhood of \$15,000, not counting inflation. And small gasoline-powered generators may have to be installed to run the accessories.

"WE'VE THOUGHT of that, too. We are now working with Standard Oil on a small gas-powered generator that may get as much as 40 miles to the gallon without creating much pollution."

What does the government get out of it? For one thing, bicyclists can't go much over 30 mph, which means speeders and crooks on getaway bikes will be easier for cops to catch.

For another thing, illegally parked bikes are easier to deal with than cars that have to be towed away.

"But mainly the government will have a whole new world of things to tax," the executive enthused. "Think of it — they'll tax the air in the trees, the grease on the chain..."

What Will Younger Generation Think of Next?

World's First Flying Tricycle Invented by a 9-Year-Old Boy!

By NORDELL PLUME
Aviation Editor

Little Scotty Joseph has invented the world's first flying tricycle.

The nine-year-old Ghostown, Ariz., boy has combined the best features of an airplane and a tricycle in a remarkable device that resembles a tricycle more than an airplane, except that it flies.

Joseph's machine, a modified Marvyn Sidewalk Speedster Mark IV, has a top speed of 200 miles per hour, an operational ceiling of 5,000 feet, wheel landing gear and solid rubber tires.

Joseph's modifications to the machine include two cone-shaped wendocrons on the handlebars to keep his hands warm at high speeds and whitewalls painted on the small rear tires.

Conspicuously absent

from the trike are the wings, propellers, motors and tailfins usually associated with things that fly. Joseph says his new design needs none of them.

"I MAKE my trike fly by leaning forward and grunting a lot," he told NEWS EXTRA.

"When I want it to go up, I shout 'Up, trike!' When I want it to go faster, I shout 'Faster, trike.' When I want it to turn, I make my hand signal — up for right and straight out for left — and tell it which way.

"When I want it to come down, I just shut my mouth and think about things on the ground. Trike gets the message," he added. Apparently the law of gravity helps, too.

Scotty said he decided to make a flying tricycle last month. While chasing birds, he noticed that the sport would be more fun if he could take to the air

after them.

So, he made a thorough study of aerodynamic theory by "looking at planes at the airport," and determined what features of aircraft he should add to his Speedster Mark IV.

HE GAVE his trike the bright red paint job of a Brandt Jumbo Jet and the whitewall tires of a 1963 Oldsmobile F-43, which he mistook at the time for an airplane.

He was assisted in his work by a total lack of knowledge of the Law of Gravity and the popular legal dictum, "ignorance of the law is no excuse."

In the soft, mauling stutter common to all geniuses, young Joseph described his trike's maiden flight to NEWS EXTRA:

"It was a real nice day," he recalled, "visibility and cooling unlimited.

"I slid open the hanger

(garage) doors at my house and taxied down the runaway (driveway), picking up speed.

"Then, when I got going fast enough, I yelled 'Up, trike' and pulled hard as I could on the handlebars. It was a short flight. I fell flat on my back without hardly ever leaving the ground.

"I KNEW something went wrong. Either (1) I didn't reach the trike's stall speed, or (2) Trike just wasn't paying attention.

"I kicked Trike hard on the front tire to make it listen better and tried again. I knew Alexander Graham Cracker, inventor of the airplane, made a lot of mistakes before his got off the ground.

"This time I pedaled hard as I could and shouted 'Up, trike' as loud as I could and pulled up on the handlebars as strong as I could," he continued.

"And soon I was taking off and flying to the sky and the blue blue yonder. I

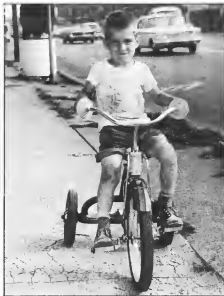
chased a bunch of crows and scared a jetliner pilot popplea before I finally came down in time for dinner and 'The Bookies' TV show."

Since then, Scotty has taken his flying tricycle out for a spin nearly every afternoon. There have been a few mishaps.

ONCE, Scotty says, he mistook a stream for a sidewalk and nearly drowned coming in for a landing. And there was an FAA man who demanded to see his pilot's license. Scotty told him to "drop dead."

Twice Ghostown residents have reported the soaring trike as a flying saucer, and once he was forced to make a hurried landing when a squadron of Air National Guard Sopwith Canards took off in pursuit, guns blazing.

"What a bunch of nineties," Scotty remarked. "Those Guard pilots acted like they never saw a kid on a trike before."

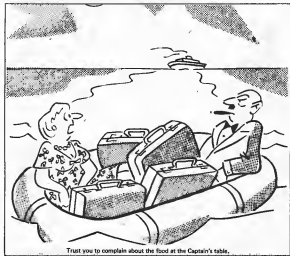
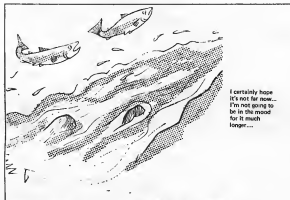


Scotty Joseph attempted to demonstrate his flying tricycle to NEWS EXTRA as our aviation editor visited the boy-genius at his Ghostown, Ariz., home. However, Scotty had been grounded by his mother for not cleaning up his room.

EXTRA SPECIAL!



An EXTRA SPECIAL girl sticks out her tongue at anyone who doesn't read NEWS EXTRA!

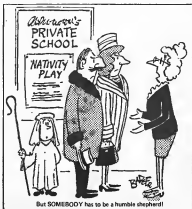


THE NATIONAL NEWS

EXTRA COMIC CAPER

NEWS EXTRA

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Rodney Allen Rippey Directing the Remake Of 'Gone With the Wind' Using Apes as Actors!

By RHONDA REED
Hollywood Correspondent

Rodney Allen Rippy, Hollywood's cute little boy wonder director, is doing it again.

Fresh from his critically acclaimed "Swamp Mama," talented Rod has embarked on a new epic — a remake of the hit movie "Gone With the Wind." "It'll be bigger, better and more profitable than 'Swamp Mama,'" gushes the Rep. "But it will be a low budget effort."

Alas, there's the rub. Thanks to Hollywood's persistent prejudice against seven-year-old directors, *The Rip*, as he likes to be called, is stuck with shoestring financing. But if anyone can overcome the odds, it'll be remarkable Rip. He's making Timelovien history by cutting corners no one ever thought to cut before.

First off, Rod has rented apes to take the place of the actors.

"I originally wanted Wilke (Krackles) Jefferson and Violette Grier to play Ezzie Butler and Scarlett O'Hara, the big stars of 'Gone With the Wind,'" he told me.

"THEY STARRED in my directorial debut, you know, the critically acclaimed 'Swamp Mama.'"

"But they wanted me to pay them more money this time. They say they wanted minimum wage and part of the gross, whatever that means."

"So then this guy comes over to my house, you know. And he says he will rent me monkeys. I dress them up like people and so one will know the difference."

The visitor Rip is referring to was none other than Buckle Franks, the famed animal trainer formerly with Ringling Bros., Bigtop and Bagels Circus. He's trying to rebuild a professional reputation ruined when his trained seals messed the carpet in a command performance for Queen Elizabeth II at Buckingham Palace. (The charges were never proved, by the by).

Samson, a lowland gorilla, will play Rhett Butler, the part made famous by Clark Gable in the

original version.

SUZY, A bright and beautiful orangutan, will portray Scarlett O'Hara in her first starring role.

Goliath, a gorilla, will play Gen. Robert E. Lee; T.C., a champ, will appear as Jeff Davis; Ape Linkletter, another champ, will appear as the household slaves; Monkey Hall, champ, as the Confederate Army, and Jerry Mathers as The Beaver.

The "supporting cast of thousands" will be portrayed by department store mannequins, and Rod himself will have a walk-on cameo role as Sammy Davis Jr.

The casting taken care of, Rod started working on overcoming his next obstacle — equipment. Now's an up-and-coming filmmaker going to find cameras and such like with a budget estimated at \$85. Rod borrowed his from the Federal government's Head Start school program.

No expensive lighting paraphernalia will be necessary " 'cause we'll make the movie in the daytime," says Red.

NOW A third obstacle: Ages don't talk, which makes it hard for them to read their lines.

And a fourth: Silent movies don't sell anymore, which means the apes must somehow talk.

Rod solved both problems at once by hiring Lance Cleveland, "the man of a dozen voices," to dub the epic into human.

One place Rod refused to chime, however, was the makeup department. "These monkeys are unsplittable," he says.

The costomers likewise have been given carte blanche – the better to cover all that hairy age hide, you know. For similar reasons, there will be no nude scenes.

But can he do it? That's the question all Hollywood wants answered. Well, if you ask this reporter, Rod's got himself one ash-alrighty-farmes of a movie.

I SAW A few of the early rushes, so I know. It was the burning of Atlanta scene -- remember that one, with Rhett and Scarlett running around while blazing timbers rain down around their heads? Clark Gable never looked more beautiful!

In Red's version, Samson the gorilla proves himself a worthy heir to the oh-so-long-vacated throne of The King. He has an animal magnetism that is beyond belief and an all-over mustache that makes Gable's look like a teeny-bopper peach fuzz.

Since the soundtrack hadn't yet been dubbed into English, the dialog was limited to simian grunts, a la Brando. It is with

But the scene proved for all time, to my way of thinking anyway, that Rodney Allen-Baker



The cute little boy wonder likes to be called "The Skip."



Samson will play Rhett Butler. He certainly has the manners of a Southern gentleman, but he doesn't look like Clark Gable.



Unstudied-looking Suzy will portray Scarlett O'Hara in the remake of "Gone With the Wind." Lots of Jack, Redney!

as a director has arrived. His imagination is cutting costs to the quick while maintaining cinematic realism beyond belief.

TAKE THE burning of Atlanta
scene that I say.

Rad tells me that MGM, the big studio that made the Oscar-winning 1933 version, spent thousands of dollars making a fake Atlanta to burn down as the cameras rolled. Not Rad. He moved his apes into an existing town, Tarzana, Calif., and set it afire.

He says the residents put up a fuss until they learned that movie history was being made. Who wouldn't give up one's home to be part of movie history?

MOTHER DIVINE

[illegible]

As if We Didn't Have Enough to Worry About

Giant Jackalopes Overrunning Southwest!

By HEINRICH FUNCH
NEWS EXTRA
Outdoors Editor

Thousands of Americans have fled their homes and millions more are prepared to leave, because ferocious jackalopes are terrorizing the Southwest.

Four West Texas towns already are deserted, the people driven off by the rowdy beasts — a cross between a jackrabbit and antelope — which eat everything in sight.

Huge herds of the horned jackalopes, sometimes numbering 1,000 or more, are rampaging across sage and mesquite, striking fear into the hearts of any humans they come across.

The problem surfaced in mid-September, when cattleman Moody Church, 43, was driving his herd north from the Pecos River toward Monahan, Tex., and found his path blocked.

"I HARDLY could believe my eyes," Church told NEWS EXTRA in an exclusive interview from his bed at Harold Seibert Memorial Hospital in Monahan.

"There was a big cloud of dust up ahead of us, and I went to investigate. I thought it might be another herd moving toward market."

"I only wish I had been right."

Church spurred his horse to a gallop and quickly closed in on the cloud. But instead of finding cowpokes and cattle, he came upon jackalopes.

"There must have been millions of 'em," he said. "They were hopping everywhere, bickering among themselves and screaming those horrible jackalope screams."

"I tried to get out of the way, but it was no use. As soon as one of them things caught sight of me, all of 'em turned and charged."

Hopping madly and coming straight at Church, they were on the rancher in a matter of seconds.

"BEFORE I knew what was happening, they were bounding straight at my horse," he said. "They gored Nellie six times before I could turn and run."

"In a few seconds more, Nellie was on the ground dead, and I was being pounded flat by hundreds of terry, terry feet."

Two hours later, two of Church's hands came to the rescue, well after the jackalopes had bounded on their way.

Church was in critical condition, with six broken bones and bruises on 96 per cent of his body, when the hands brought him in for treatment.

Two days later, the strange creatures, once believed to be extinct, surfaced again.

They entered the outskirts of Crane, Tex., by the dozens and overran homes and businesses alike.

"I knew something was funny, because that strange cloud of dust had been heading for us all day," said one city official who asked that his name

not be published.

"WE KIND of figured that it was some strange herd of beef on some sort of stampede."

"When those crazy jackalopes struck Miller's bar-b-que and Grill, though, we knew what was happening."

"We ordered all the outside stores sounded, a warning for people to get indoors and into safety. But it came too late."

"Fourteen tonight were trampled or gored to death by these beasts," he said. "More than 100 more were injured, half of them seriously."

"We thought the jackalopes would keep on going and leave us alone. We were wrong."

"For the next three days, they kept stampeding back through town, destroying everything in sight. Within four days, what was left of Crane had become a ghost

town, with all the people gone."

Within the next three weeks, the jackalopes rampaged unchecked, destroying three smaller towns in their wake.

THE RESIDENTS of Medicine Gulch, Broken Promises and Cloaca, Tex., all were left homeless. And residents of nearby Browning, Wampum Springs and Martin Luther King packed their valuables and fled in fear of a jackalope invasion.

Fortunately, though, the strange creatures have stuck to open range since making a shambles out of Cloaca.

But the problem increases daily, since jackalopes reproduce like rabbits and mature in a matter of weeks.

Sprinter herds already have formed, with new ones forming every day.

The residents of cities as far away as Kheddah, Van Horn, Fort Stockton, Ozona, Mertzon and Garden City already have begun formulating plans to abandon these homes in case of attack.

The National Guard has been called out to fight the jackalopes, but all efforts have been futile thus far.

EVEN THOUGH Air Force fighter pilots have propped jackalope herd locations, the beasts move too fast to be caught by surface craft.

Military personnel have considered using napalm, but because of dry conditions in the area, they fear the spread of unchecked range fires.

Meanwhile, many area politicians are thinking about taking drastic steps.

"We might even give our city back to the Indians," one said.

THE NATIONAL NEWS EXTRA

Write Someone a Letter This Week!

Dear () Friend
() Fox
() Kin
() Lower

I miss you () very much () very little.
How are the () kids () wife () husband () mistress () lover () family () pets () gerbils () etc.?

Life is a () bore () hell without you.
The weather is () beautiful () terrible () hot () cold () miserable () wet () all of the aforementioned.

My social life has been () jumping () dull () so-bow without you at my side.
My sex life should be rated () Triple X () X () R () PG () G.
I hope you are planning to visit me () soon () next week () never.

Please write () soon () when you get the time () never.

() Lovingly
() Affectionately
() Sincerely
() Disgustingly
Your () Friend
() Fox
() Kin
() Lower

Have you been neglecting your letter writing lately? No time to sit down and type, write or print a letter to your friend, fox, kin or lower? Then clip out this handy form letter, check off the proper items and whip it off to your friend, fox, kin or lower. Don't forget to put it in a stamped envelope before dropping it in a mailbox.



A cross between the jackrabbit and the antelope, the jackalope is reported to be a ferocious beast, driving hundreds from their homes in West Texas. However, this is a docile critter, which is an asset to the herd and is looking for a job in motion pictures.